

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

R. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.]

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

TERMS \$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII, NO. 40.]

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1855.

[WHOLE NO. 965

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Office on North side of Main Street in the New Masonic Hall, a few doors East of the Court House, and a few doors West of the Norton House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
If paid within three months, \$1.50
If paid after that time, \$2.00
Fares discontinued only at the option of the editor.
While arrears are due.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Each square, (10 lines or less), three weeks, \$1.00
Every additional insertion, 50 cts.
Yearly advertisements one column, \$4.00
Half column, \$2.00
Quarter column, \$1.00
Professional cards \$2 per annum.
All bills addressed to the editor must be paid to him.
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POETRY.

The following beautiful poem was written by N. F. Wilson, shortly after the death of the lamented Harrison. 'Tis worthy the pen of a Byron or a Pollock.

The Death of Harrison.

What sound the old eagle to die at the sun!
Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he had won!
Are there spirits more blest than the "Planet of Even,"
Who mount to their zenith, then melt into Heaven—
No vaning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away!
Farwell, gallant eagle! thou'rt laid in light!
God-speed into Heaven, lost star of our night!

Death! Death in the White House! Ah, never before,
Trod his skeleton foot on the President's floor!
He looked for in love, and died in hall—
The king in his closet, his chamber and hall—
The youth in his birth-place, the old man in home,
Makes clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb.

But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here—
In a chureyard's old stand his teeming birth—
He is here as the wave-crest heaves flashing on high
As the arrow is sped by his prize in the sky—
The arrow to earth, and the foin to the shore—
Death finds them when swift and sparkle are o'er—

But Harrison's death fills the climax of story—
He went with his old stride—from glory to glory!

Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on his blade,
In whose cankered breath his bright laurels will fade!

'Twas the first to lead on a humanity's call—
It was said with awe and mercy when "glory was all!"
As calm in the council, as gallant in war,
He fought for his country, and not its "honor!"

In the path of the hero with pity he trod—
Let him pass—with his sword—to the presence of God!

What more! Shall we on with his ashes? Yet, stay!
He hath ruled the wide realm of a king in his day!
At his word, like a monarch's, went treasure and land—
The bright gold of thousands has passed through his hand.

Is there nothing to show of his glittering sword?
No jewel to deck the rude lid of his sword?
No trappings—no harness—what had he, but now?
On—on with his ashes! HE LEFT BUT HIS FIDELITY!

Follow now, as ye list! The first mourner to-day
Is the nation—whose father is taken away!
Wife, children, and neighbor, may moan at his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to his country, as well!

For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep in our darkness—but weep not for him!
Not for him—whose deed-fame's ladder so high,
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From "Putnam" for June.

THE MORMON'S WIFE.

"'Who to that man, his warning voice replied,
To all who questioned, or in silence signed—
'Who to that man who ventures trust to win,
And seeks his object by the path of sin!'"

"I don't think much, my young friend, of those Mormons! I have some reasons of my own for disliking them," said Parson Field to me, as we sat together, one August noon, in the porch of his red house at Plainfield.

"De tell me, sir," said I, setting myself in an easy attitude to hear his story—for a story from Parson Field was not to be despised—his quaint simplicity bringing out, in old-time and expressive phrases, whatever he described, with the clear fidelity of an interior by Miris.

"De tell me," said I again, with a deeper emphasis; "when the old gentleman looked at me over his spectacles, and smiling benignly into my eager face, began,

"When I first came to Plainfield," said he "more than thirty years ago, I had been a minister of the Lord only ten years, and I had been settled for that period of time in a large city, where I served acceptable to a worthy congregation; but certain reasons of my own induced me to leave that situation, and come here to live, where also I found acceptance, and not many months after I came there was considerable of reviving of the work in this place and many believed. Of these was a certain Joseph Frazer, a young Scotchman, concerning whom I left much misgiving, lest he should take the wrong path; but he, in due season, joined himself to the church, and edified the brethren in walk and conversation; so that, when he left Plainfield and settled in the West Indies, we were loth to let him go.

"Some years afterwards we heard he was married to a lady of Spanish extraction, and a Catholic; and, after ten years elapsed, she died, leaving him one child, a daughter, eight years of age, and with her he came to Plainfield, desiring that the child, whom he named Adeline, after his own mother, should have a New England training.

"But, wonderful are the ways of Providence! On his return to Cuba, he perished in the vessel, which went down in a heavy gale off Cape Hatteras; and when the news came to his mother, old Mrs. Frazer, she sent for me that I should tell the child Adeline, for she had given proofs of a singular nature, ardent and self-confident in the extreme. I took my hat, and went over to Mrs. Frazer's with a very heavy heart, for the grief of a child is a fearful thing to me, and to be the bringer of evil tidings, that shall stain the pureness and calm of a child's thoughts with the irreparable shadow of death, is no light thing, nor easily to be done. I entered into the house one day in June; it was a very sweet day, and, as I walked quietly into the low kitchen, I saw Adeline, with her head resting on her hands, and her large eyes eagerly gazing out of the window, at the gambols of a scarlet-throated humming-bird. I went close to her, and thought to myself that I would speak, but I did not, for I saw that, in her little face, which made me more sad than before, and I had it on my lips to say, 'Adeline, are you homesick?' (which was the question of all others I should not say) when suddenly she turned about, and answered the question before I spoke it.

"Sir," said she, "I wish I was in Cuba. I had just seen a humming-bird at home; and I fed it with orange boughs full of white flowers, every day; but you have no orange trees here, and I have no papa!"

"It seemed to me that the child's angel had thus opened the way for me to speak; and I began to say some things about the love of our universal Father, when she laid her little hand on my arm with a fearfully strong pressure. 'Mr. Field,' said she, 'is my papa dead? I never shall forget the eyes that looked that question into mine. I felt so unveiled spirit before their eager, piercing stare. I did not answer except by a strong quiver of feeling that would run over my features, for I loved her father even as a kinsman, and I needed to say nothing more, for the child felt at my feet quite rigid, and I called Mrs. Frazer, who tried all her nurse-art to restore little Adeline, but was forced at last to send for a physician, who vied the child and brought her home.

"In the mean time I had gone home to prepare my sermon, for it was not yet finished and the day was Friday; but I kept seeing that little lifeless face, all orphaned as it was and the Scripture, 'As one whom his mother comforteth,' was so borne in upon my mind, that, although I had previously fixed upon one adapted to a setting forth of the doctrine of election, I was wrought upon to make the other the subject of discourse; and, truly the people wept; almost all but Adeline, who sat in the square pew with her great eyes fixed upon me, and her small lips apart, like one who drinks from the stream of a rock.

"The next day I was resting, as my custom is, after the Sabbath; and in a warm, fair day, I had no better rest than to sit by the open window, and breathe the summer air, and fill my eyes and heart with the innumerable love-tokens that God hath set thickly in Nature. I was, therefore, at my usual place, wrapped in thought, and beholding the labors of a small bird which taught her young to fly, when I felt a light, cold touch and, turning, saw little Adeline beside me. 'Sir,' said she, without any preface, 'when my papa went away, he left with me a letter, which he said I was to give you if he died.' So far she spoke steadily, but there the small voice quivered and broke down. I took the letter she proffered me, and breaking the seal, found it a short but touching appeal to me as the spiritual father of Joseph Frazer, to take his own child under my care, and be as a father to her, inasmuch as his mother was old and feeble, and also to be executor of his will, of which a copy was enclosed. I said this much to the child as shortly as I could, and with her grave voice she replied, 'Sir, I should like to be your little girl, if you will preach me some more sermons.' Now I was affected at this answer; not the less that the leave of pride, which worketh in every man was fed by even a baby's praise; and putting on my hat, I walked over to Mrs. Frazer's house and laid the matter before her. She was not at first, willing to give Adeline up, but at length, after much converse to and fro, she came to my conclusion, that the child would be better in my hands, inasmuch as she herself could not hope for a long continuance; and, as it was ordered, she died the next summer. I sent for my sister Martha, who was somewhat past marriageable years, for kind and good, to come and keep house for me, and from that time Adeline was as my own child. But I must hasten over a time, for I am too long in telling this.

"In course of years the child grew up, tall and slender, of a very stately carriage, and having that scriptural glory of a woman, long and abundant hair.

"She was still very fervid in her feelings, but reserved and proud, and I fear I had been too tender with her for her good, inasmuch as she thought her own will and pleasure must always be fulfilled, and we all know that is not one of the ordinations of Providence.

"As Adeline came to be a woman, divers youths of my congregation were given to call of a Sabbath night, with red apples for me, and redder cheeks for Adeline, who was scarcely vied to them, and often left them to my conversation, which they seemed not to relish so much as would have been pleasing to human nature.

"But my faintest mother, who was not wanting in the wisdom of this world, was used to say that every man and woman had their time of crying for the moon, and while some knew it to be a burning fire, and others scornfully called it cheese, and if they get it, either burned their fingers, or despise their desire, still all generations must have their turn, and truly, I believed it, when I found Adeline herself began to have a pining for something which I could not persuade her to specify. The child grew thin and pale, and ceased the singing of psalms at her daily task, and I could not devise what should be done for her; though Martha strongly recommended certain herb teas, which Adeline somewhat unreasonably rebelled against. However, about this time, my attention was a little turned from her, as there was much religious awakening in the place, and among others, whom the deacons singled out as special objects of attention, was one John Henderson, a frequent visitor at our house, and a young man of good parts and kindly feeling, as it seemed, but of a peculiar nature being easily led into either right or wrong, yet still given to fits of stubbornness, when he could not be drawn, so to speak, with a cart-rope.

"Now Adeline had been a professor of religion for some years, but it did not seem to me that she took a right view of this particular season, for many times she refused to go to the prayer meetings, even to those which were held with special attentions towards the unconverted; and many times, on my return, I found her with pale cheeks and red eyes, evidently from tears. About this time, she began to take long, solitary walks, from which she returned with her hands full of wild flowers, for it was now early spring; but she cared nothing for the flowers, and would scatter them about the house to fade, without a thought. In the mean time, the revival progressed, but, I lament to say, with no visible change in John Henderson. He had gotten into one of his stubborn moods of mind, and neither heaven nor hell seemed to affect him. The only softening I could perceive in the young man was during the singing of hymns which was well done in our meeting-house, for Adeline led the choir, and I noticed that, whenever that part of the exercises began, John Henderson would lift up his head, and a strange color and tender expression seemed to melt the hard lines of his face.

"Somewhere about the latter end of April, as I was returning from a visit to a sick man, I met John coming from a piece of woods, that lay behind my house about a mile, with his hands full of liverwort blossoms. I did not know why this little circumstance gave me comfort, yet, I had ever observed, that the man who loves the manifestations of God in his works is more likely to be led into religion than a brutal or a mere business man; so I was desirous of speaking to the youth, but when he saw me, he turned from the straight path, and, like an evil-doer, fled across the fields another way. I did not call after him, for some experience has constrained me to think that there is no little wisdom in sometimes letting people alone, but I took my own way home, and, having put on my cloth shoes to ease my feet, and being in somewhat of a maze of thought, I went to my study, as it seemed, very quietly, for I entered at the open door and found Adeline sitting in my arm chair by the window quite unaware of my nearness. I well remember how like a spirit she looked that day, with her great eyes raised to a cloud that rested in the bright sky, her soft black hair twisted into a crown about her head, and her lighted dress falling all over the chair, while in her hands, lying between the slight fingers and by the blue veins, was clasped a bunch of liverwort blossoms. Then I perceived, for the first time, why my child, was crying for the moon, and John Henderson cared for the singing and not for the hymns, at which I sorrowed. But I sat down by Ada, and began to say that I had met John Henderson on the road with some such blossoms, at which she looked at me even as she did when I told her about her father, and, seeing that I smiled, and yet was not dry-eyed, nor quite at rest, the tears began slowly, to run over her eyelashes, and in a few very resolute words she told me that Mr. Henderson had asked her that morning to marry him.

"Now I knew not well what to say, but I set myself aside, as far as I could, and tried not to remember how sore a trial it would be to part with Ada, and I reasoned with her calmly about the youth, setting forth, first that he was not a professing Christian, and that the Scripture seemed plain to me on that matter, though I would not constrain her conscience if she found it clear in this thing; and, second, that he was a man who held fast to this world's goods, and was like to be a follower of Mammon if he learned not to love better things in his youth; and, third, that he was a man who had, as one might say, a streak of granite in his nature, against which feeling a person would be continually fall and be hurt, and which no person could work upon, if once it came in the way even of right action. To all this Adeline answered with more reason than I supposed a woman could, only that I noticed, at the end of each answer, she said in a low voice, as if it were the end of all contention, '—and I love him.' Whereby, seeing that the thing was well past my interference, I gave my consent with my doubts and fears in my heart, and, having blessed the child, I sent her away that I might meditate over the matter.

"When John came in the evening for his answer, I was enabled to exhort him faithfully, and, in his softened state of feeling, he chose to tell that he had been seeking religion because he feared I would not give him Adeline, unless he were joined to the church, and he would not make a hypocrite of himself, even for that, but he had hoped that in the use of means he might be awakened and converted. At this I was pleased, inasmuch as it showed a spirit of truth in the young man, but I could not avoid setting before him that self-seeking had never led any soul to God, and how cogent a reason he had himself given for his want of success in things pertaining to his salvation; but as I spoke Ada came in by the other door, and John's eyes began to wander so visibly, that I thought it best to conclude, and I must say he appeared grateful. So I went out of the door, leaving Ada sitting and blushing as a fair rose-tree, notwithstanding that John Henderson seemed to fancy she needed his support.

"As the year went on, and I could not in conscience let Adeline leave me until her lover had some fixed maintenance, I had many conversations with him, (for he also was an orphan,) and it was at length decided that he should buy, with Ada's portion, a goodly farm in Western New York; and in the ensuing summer, after a years engagement, they were to marry. So the summer came; I know not exactly what month was fixed for their marriage, though I have the date somewhere, but one thing I recollect, that the hop-vine over this porch was in full bloom, and after I had joined my child and the youth in bands of wedlock, I went out into the porch to see them safe into the carriage that was to take them to the boat, and there Ada put her arms about my neck, and kissed me for good-by, leaving a hot tear upon my cheek; and a south wind at that moment, smote the hop-vine so that its odor of honey and bitterness mingled sweet across my face, and always afterward this scent made me think of Adeline. After two years passed away, during which we heard from her often, we heard that she had a little daughter born, and her letters were full of joy and pride, so that I trembled for the child's spiritual state; but after some three years the little girl, with her mother came to Plainfield, and I did not know but Adeline was anxious to see her, for such a fair and bright child was scarcely ever seen; but next summer came and news little Nelly was dead, and Ada's grief seemed inexhaustible, while her husband fell into one of his sullen states of mind, and the affliction passed over them to no good end, as it seemed.

"Soon after this, the Mormon delusion began to spread rapidly about John Henderson's dwelling-place, and in less than a year after Nelly's death I had a letter from Ada, dated at St. Louis, which I will read to you, for I have it in my pocket-book, having retained it there since yesterday, when I took it out from the desk to consult a date.

"It begins:—'Dear Uncle, (I had always instructed the child so to call me, rather than father, seeing we can have but one father, while we may be blessed with numerous uncles.) I suppose you will wonder how I came to be at St. Louis, and it is just my being here that I write to explain. You know how my husband felt about Nelly's death, but you do not know how I felt; for even in my very great sorrow, I hoped all the time, that by her death, John might be led to a love of religion. He was very unhappy, but he would not show it, only that he took even more tender care of me than before. I have always been his darling and pride; he never let me work, because he said it spoiled my hands; but after Nelly died, he was hardly willing I should breathe; and though he never spoke of her, or seemed to feel her loss, yet I have heard him whisper her name in his sleep, and every morning his hair and pillow were damp with crying; but he never knew I saw it. After a few months, there came a Mormon preacher into our neighborhood, a man of a great deal of talent and earnestness, and a true believer in the revelation of Joseph Smith. At first my husband did not take any notice of him, and then he laughed at him for being a believer in what seemed like nonsense; but one night he was persuaded to go, and near Brother Marvin preach in the school house, and he came home with a very sober face. I said nothing, but when I found there was to be a meeting the next night, I asked to go with him, and, to my surprise, I heard a most powerful and exciting discourse, not wanting in either sense or feeling, though rather poor as to argument; but I was surprised that John wanted to hear more, not that I did not up my influence over my husband, to keep him from this delusion; but you do not know how much I have longed and prayed for his conversion to a religious life; until any religion, even one full of errors, seemed to me better than the hardened and listless state of his mind.

"I could not but feel, that if he were awakened to a sense of the life to come, in any way, his own good sense would lead him right in the end; and there is so much order and faith about this strange belief, that I do not regret his having fallen in with it, for I think the burning of Gospel fire will yet be kindled by means of this strange doctrine. In the mean time he is very eager and full of zeal for the cause, so much so, thinking it to be his duty, he resolved to sell our farm at Oakwood, and remove to Utah. If any thing could make me grieve over a change, I believe to be for John's spiritual good it would be this idea; but no regret or sorrow of mine shall ever stand in the way of his soul; so I gave a cheerful consent as I could to the sale, and I only cried a few tears over little Nelly's bed, under the great tulip tree. There my husband has put an iron railing, and I have planted a great many sweet-briar vines over the rock; and Mr. Kenney, who bought the farm, has promised that the spot shall be kept free from weeds, so I leave her in peace. Do write to me, Uncle Field, I feel sure I have done right, because it has not been in my own way, yet sometimes I am almost afraid. I shall be very far away from home, and from my child; but I am so glad now she is in heaven, nothing can trouble her, and I shall not much care about myself, if John goes right.

"Give my love to Aunt Martha, and please write to your dear child.

"ADA HENDERSON."

"I need not say, my young friend," resumed Parson Field, wiping his spectacles, and clearing his voice with a vigorous sneeze; "that I could not in conscience, approve of Adeline's course. 'Thou shalt not do evil, that good may come,' is a Gospel truth, and cannot be transgressed with good consequences. I did write to Ada; but inasmuch as the act was done, I said not much concerning it, but bade her take courage, seeing that she had meant to do right, although in the deed she had considered John Henderson before any thing else, which was, as you may perceive, her besetting sin, and therefore it seemed good to me to put at the end of my epistle, (as I was wont always to offer a suitable text of Scripture for her meditation,) these words, 'Little children keep yourselves from idols!' I did not hear again from Adeline, till she had been two months in the Mormon city, and though she tried her best

to seem contented and peaceful, in view of John's new zeal, and his tender care of her, still I could not but think of the hop-blossoms, for I perceived, underneath this present sweetness, a little drop of life and pain working to some unseen end. That year passed away and we heard no more, and in next also at which I wondered much; but reflecting on chances of travel across those deserts, and having a surety of Ada's affection for me, I did not repine, though I felt some regret that there was such uncertainty of carriage; nevertheless, I wrote as usual, that no chance might be lost.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

An Anatomical Rencontre.

A year ago, when Ezekiel Verdant came down to Boston with all his earthly possessions, viz: homespun suit of go-to-meeting clothes, a tin razor, a fine tooth comb, two dozen socks, a box of blacking, and a cow-hide trunk, he was one of the most verdant specimens of simplicity you ever encountered.

His golden hair slightly shaded his ruddy cheeks, his garments savored of a remote—almost medieval age. He put up at a fourth-rate house, and then sallied forth to look about him. His only acquaintance was a far-away cousin, a student of Surgery and medicine. (Mark Mariweather by name.) On him Verdant relied for information and aid, as he had come to Boston to pursue the same career.

Now, Mark had paid Verdant a visit in the mountains, some years previous, and the young Vermont would the city back extensively—that is, he had put him off the back of a wild fly, had upset him by a boat, broke his head at cudgeling, and rendered numerous other civilities with which country cousins are in the habit of welcoming their city friends.

They met in town, then, and Mark, after the first greeting, inquired the purport of his cousin's visit.

"I've come up here to study a spell," the reply.

"Glad to hear it."

"Heard you like your trade?"

"Very well."

"Most learned it—hey?"

"Well—I'm thinkin' to 'foller the same line of business—and I want you to help me along."

"With great pleasure, Zeke—I'll put you through an entire course of sprouts."

"Sprots?"

"Show me the ropes."

"Ropes?"

"Let you see how do things. Where shall we begin?"

"Well—I want to see that 'ere place where you cut folks up—just that."

"Oh, I know very well—come along."

Mark did the honors of the college to his guest, and it may be imagined that his professional sang froid offered a strong contrast to the naive horror of his guest. Still there was a sort of fascination in what he witnessed that impelled 'Zeke' to pronounce though in a faint and gasping voice, that everything was "just rare."

At last they reached a little mahogany cabinet.

"What's in that?" asked 'Zeke'.

"Open and see," said his friend.

'Zeke' did so, and was instantly clasped in the arms of a skeleton.

"With a howl of horror, he exclaimed—

"Let me go! help! help!"

Mark was dying with laughter.

"Here's Death alive caught me, sure enough!" exclaimed the sufferer.

He again appealed to Mark for help.

Finding his cousin inexorable, he determined to help himself.

"Look here, old Bouy-part," said he, "if you don't let me go, I'll lick you into fits!" and getting one arm free, he dealt the skeleton a tremendous blow on the head, which knocked him back into the box, the door of which closed instantly, leaving Zeke a free man again.

"That 'ere anatomy was a pooty behaved pup," he remarked, re-assumed by the success of his exertions.

"I have a good mind to shake him out of his box, and give him a regular lickin'—Why didn't you step in when you see him attacking me?"

"I stood by to see fair play," said Mark.

"Well—just you tell him from me," said Zeke, "as he keeps himself in his own quarters, I'll let him alone; but if he ever comes across me out 'ven this 'ere place, I'll wallop him like winkin'."

A few days after this, 'Zeke' who had made formal application to Dr. —, to be received as a student, received a note from that gentleman, requesting him to call at his office.

He accordingly rang at the door of the Doctor's aristocratic mansion. It must be borne in mind that the Doctor is as thin as possible for a live man to be. He was seated in his chair when Zeke entered, so that the young man did not at first glance recognize the peculiarity of his appearance; but when he stood up, and extended his hand, a luminous idea flashed through the brain of the visitor.

"Hands off," said he; "no shakins, paws with me. I know your tricks."

The Doctor assumed an air of astonishment and offended dignity.

"As you please, young man," said he, sitting down.

"Oh! you needn't be so offish," said Zeke; "you and I have seen each other afore to day."

"Not to my knowledge," said the Doctor.

"Praps not," said Zeke, knowingly.

"I say, old fellow, how's your head?"

"My head! You're crazy!"

"Not by a long chalk. I say," he added in a confidential whisper, "how often do they let you out?"

"Yes, darn you. I know you, if you have got your clothes on—your 'ere livin' skeleton," they keep up to the college there

—the chap I gin the lickin' to, the other day."

The Doctor burst into a laugh, undeceived his visitor, and received him as a pupil; but even his cousin dares not remind him of the adventure, for if he did, he would not have a whole bone to make a skeleton.

The piece of sculpture, on whose account Horace Greeley was so shabbily treated, is "The Shipwrecked Woman and child attacked by a Vulture." It still remains in New York Crystal Palace, safe and sound, wanting the order of the owner.

SETTLED.—We say in the most determined and energetic manner—Kansas shall come into this Union with a constitution recognizing slavery, if she wish to do so.—Was. Sentinel (Dem.) April 17.

Having settled that point, the editor of the Sentinel should now go and take Savannah.—National Era.

We have now returns from all the counties in the State of Illinois, which show a majority of 15,000 against the Proslavery Law. The total vote is 157,430, being the largest vote ever polled in the State. The official returns will probably vary the figures somewhat.

Tracy, to call a man a good neighbor who is eternally borrowing your paper, and don't subscribe himself.

The town of Bayou Sara, Louisiana, was nearly destroyed by fire on the 18th. The loss is estimated at half a million of dollars.

Speech of Thomas H. Ford, Of Ohio, delivered June 15th, at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia.

Mr. President—I feel much embarrassed when I reflect that I arise to represent the views of the mighty West on this vexed question of Slavery, now under discussion. I would to God that some gentleman more competent to the task had undertaken it. Gentlemen from other States have shown a strong disposition to discuss party politics in this debate. With the dirty details of party politics we have nothing to do, in Ohio. Our principles are patriotic and pure, our purposes high and holy.

The gentlemen who have preceded me have all mistaken the policy of the founders of the Republic. They never intended to tolerate Slavery, or even to be responsible for its existence. With the framers of the Constitution, Freedom was the rule; Slavery, the exception; Freedom, national; Slavery, sectional. But those patriotic gentlemen from the South are desirous of changing the rule, so as to make Slavery national and Freedom sectional; to extend over territory now free the soul-withering, God-dishonoring, curse of human slavery.

We, on the other hand, are desirous of sustaining the policy of our forefathers—a Bible-based, law-loving, liberty-built policy. And here we take issue. The Hon. gentleman from North Carolina, pointing to me, tauntingly says: "You of the North refused to extend the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific, when we offered it to you." To this I reply, we did so refuse, and for this reason: we are desirous of extending the area of Freedom, instead of the curse of human bondage.

The honorable gentleman from Tennessee and Alabama have said that we, at the North, were generally opposed to the establishment of that Missouri Compromise line at the time the compact was entered into, in 1820. "On what pretext can you base your opposition to its repeal?" In answer to the gentleman, I say that the people of the North were opposed to the establishment at that time, and for this obvious reason: it was a base surrender of territory to Slavery that had been by the God of Nature and our laws consecrated to Freedom. That at this moment, instead of this voice of Freedom according to Heaven in ardent prayers for the perpetuity of Union, thousands of human beings were clanking the chains of abject Slavery there. Those men who were in Congress from the North and voted for this compromise, have forgotten some where—their memories have perished with them. So have we sent those who voted for its repeal to their political grave, to be remembered no more by us, except in the longling annals of infamy.

The gentleman over the way asks me to reconcile that position. I will, Sir. The territory the South acquired by virtue of that contract is already niggered yes, niggered all over. The crack of the driver's lash (to the disgrace of humanity be it said) is this day heard on its every acre. The voice of Freedom is not heard there, but Slavery, dark and damning, curses that otherwise beautiful country, having territory sufficient to make an empire of freemen. That is the reason we opposed its repeal and now ask for its restoration. We cannot recall Slavery there now—'tis too late! If we could place that territory in the same situation it was in 1820 there would be no trouble from our State about the repeal of the Missouri restriction.

Not we would, like men, enter the arena and fight manfully the battles of freedom. Yes Sir! we would see that Freedom, our inheritance, was not turned to strangers and our homes to aliens, and Liberty left desolate in the land of our forefathers.

But the dark and damning deed is done; and regarding the rights of the State under the Constitution, we cannot change it now. And now, after our submission for thirty-four years to that inquiry, you come forward and indict this renewed outrage upon us.—You say, "It is true, north of that line was set apart by solemn compact to Freedom; but the contract was unconstitutional, and consequently null and void."

I care not from what point you view it; you have taken under that contract and of course are bound by it. You now come to us whin-

gling and say, "This contract is void, do not attempt to enforce it." Suppose you give your note to a friend for one hundred dollars borrowed on the Sabbath; and afterwards, to avoid the payment, set up for defence that the note was given on Sunday and consequently void and you would not pay it. In what light do you suppose all honorable men would view it! In no other light than as consummate villainy, unworthy the confidence of all honorable men. In this light Ohio and the teeming millions, of the mighty West whom I feebly represent here, view you, Gentlemen, in relation to this Kansas-Nebraska inquiry! I appeal to Representatives from the South, in the name of all that is honorable,—in the name of God, to be this "once influenced by the pure promptings of right and justice, and restore this compromise line or from this day hide your deformed heads and make your appearance no more among intelligent beings."

But I am resolved to place the gentlemen, —those chivalrous Southern gentlemen,—right on the record. Many of them do say that the repeal of that time-honored line, (to use their own words) was a wrong, an injury and an outrage, and that it ought to be restored. I say many of you have said to me: and inasmuch as every gentleman from the North has been challenged to give the name of any Southern man who has dared to even breathe one word in favor of Freedom, therefore, to avoid being asked so to do, came up to the confessional, or I shall without hesitation name the gentlemen to this convention.—[Cheers and laughter.]